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MORANG'S LITERATURE SERIES

Longfellow's Evangeline

EDITED WITH NOTES BY
JOHN JEFFRIES, B.A.

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(See inside of back cover)





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EVANGELINE

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

EDITED WITH NOTES BY

JOHN JEFFRIES, B.A.

ENGLISH SPECIALIST, JARVIS COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,
TORONTO



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MORANG EDUCATIONAL COMPANY LIMITED

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INTRODUCTION

LIFE OF LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born of Puritan stock at Portland, Maine, on February 27, 1807. His father was Stephen Longfellow, a graduate of Harvard, a lawyer, and a cultured and religious man, who looked carefully after the education of his eight children. His mother, Zilpha Wadsworth, a descendant of a John Alden and a Priscilla Mullens (the original of Priscilla in *Miles Standish*) who came over in the *Mayflower*, was a beautiful, gentle, and pious woman. Henry was their second son. As a child he took less interest in games and sports than in books, of which his favorites were Cowper's poems, *Lalla Rookh*, *Ossian*, *The Arabian Nights*, *Don Quixote*, and Irving's *Sketch Book*.

At the age of fifteen he entered Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine. Among his associates and classmates was Nathaniel Hawthorne, with whom he formed a strong and lasting friendship. At college he distinguished himself both as a student and as a writer of graceful verse. On graduating, in 1825, he was at once honored by the board of trustees with appointment to the newly established chair of modern languages. In order to fit himself more fully for this position, he went to Europe, where he spent three and a half years in travel and study. In 1829 he returned to America, strongly equipped to begin his duties as a professor. Two years later he married Miss Mary Potter, the daughter of an intimate friend of his father.

In 1835 Longfellow was called to the chair of modern languages at Harvard University. Feeling the need of still deeper scholarship, he paid a second visit to Europe. While at Rotterdam, in Holland, his wife, who accompanied him, fell ill and died. Though naturally inclined to conceal from the world his inmost feelings, he has disclosed to us in *Footsteps of Angels* something of the sense of loss he felt in this sad bereavement.

“And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.”

In 1836 he entered upon his duties at Harvard. These proved to be less laborious and more pleasant than at Bowdoin. His friendships, too, were very congenial, especially with four fellow-professors, Felton, Sumner, Hillard, and Cleveland, who with Longfellow formed a coterie of kindred spirits called the “Five of Clubs.” He took up his residence in Craigie House, a spacious mansion, with beautiful natural surroundings, and once the abode of George Washington. In 1843 he married Miss Francis Appleton, whom he met at Interlaken during his first visit to Europe. The bride’s father, who was wealthy, bought Craigie House and the estate, and presented them as a wedding-gift to the happy couple. Longfellow now found himself in the very enviable position of being blessed with congenial work and friends, a beautiful and devoted wife, a comfortable home, an ample fortune, youth, good health, and an ever widening popularity as a maker of verse.

Few incidents remain to be related in this brief memoir. In 1854 Longfellow resigned his professorship that he might devote his whole time to purely literary

work. In 1861 a second great sorrow overcast his life. His wife's clothing accidentally caught fire, and she was burned to death. From this affliction he never fully recovered. His personal appearance, his spirits, his habits, all underwent a noticeable change. He made in 1868 his last visit to Europe. His fame as the greatest and most popular American poet was now so fully established and generally acknowledged that his stay in England was marked by the highest honors and personal triumphs. The universities, Mr. Gladstone, even royalty, graced him with tokens of appreciation and esteem. On his return home he resumed his poetic labors, and these he continued up to the very close of his life. He died on March 24, 1882, and was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery at Cambridge.

As a man, Longfellow was greatly beloved. Affable, genial, courteous and generous, he made many friends and no enemies. His character has been thus described by an admirer:—

“Longfellow was almost perfect, as much so as it is ever given to human nature to be. A man in intellect and courage, yet without conceit or bravado; a woman in sensibility and tenderness, yet without shrinking or weakness; a saint in purity of life and devotion of heart, yet without asceticism or religiosity; a knight-errant in hatred of wrong and contempt of baseness, yet without self-righteousness or cynicism; a prince in dignity and courtesy, yet without formality or condescension; a poet in thought and feeling, yet without jealousy or affectation; a scholar in tastes and habits, yet without aloofness or bookishness; a dutiful son, a loving husband, a judicious father, a trusty friend, a useful citizen, and an enthusiastic patriot — he united

in his strong, transparent humanity almost every virtue under heaven. A thoroughly healthy, well-balanced, harmonious nature, accepting life as it came, with all its joys and sorrows, living it beautifully and hopefully, without canker and without uncharity. No man ever lived more completely in the light than Henry Wadsworth Longfellow."

LIST OF WORKS

Among American poets Longfellow stands first in popularity. His broad sympathies, his noble character, his refined tastes, and his command of easy and graceful language commended his writings to a wide circle of readers. His verse is without deep passion, almost without humor; but it is often touchingly pathetic and always pure and ennobling. A number of his shorter pieces deservedly rank high both in sentiment and in expression.

Outre-Mer (1835), a record of his tour through Europe. It shows the influence upon him of Irving's *Sketch Book*.

Hyperion (1839), a prose romance. The hero and the heroine are supposed to represent the poet and Miss Appleton, who later became his wife.

Voices of the Night (1839), including *A Psalm of Life*, *The Reaper and the Flowers*, *Footsteps of Angels*, and other lyrics.

Ballads and Other Poems (1841), containing *The Skeleton in Armor*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Village Blacksmith*, *Excelsior*, etc.

Poems on Slavery (1842).

The Spanish Student (1843), a drama.

Evangeline (1847), described elsewhere.

Kavanagh (1849), a prose romance, with little plot-interest.

Seaside and Fireside (1850), containing at least two excellent poems, *Resignation*, and *The Building of the Ship*.

The Golden Legend (1851), a dramatic poem of the thirteenth century.

Hiawatha (1855), a song of episodes in the life of a mythical Indian chief. It is one of Longfellow's most successful productions.

The Courtship of Miles Standish (1858), a story of early colonial days.

Tales of a Wayside Inn (1863), suggested by Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. It is a series of stories told by a landlord, a student, a young Sicilian, a Spanish Jew, a theologian, a poet, and a musician, around the fire-side of a wayside inn on an autumn night. The tales are introduced by a prelude describing the several story-tellers.

The Divine Comedy of Dante (1867-1870), a literal translation.

The Divine Tragedy (1871), a dramatic rendering of the Crucifixion.

The Hanging of the Crane (1874), a reverie of a home from its formation to the Golden Wedding Day.

Ultima Thule (1880), a selection of his latest pieces.

EVANGELINE

Composition. — *Evangeline* was published in 1847. An entry in his Journal, bearing the date November 28, 1845, reads thus: "Set about *Gabrielle*, my idyl in hexameters, in earnest. I do not mean to let a day go by without adding something to it, if it be but

a single line. Felton and Sumner are both doubtful of the measure. To me it seems the only one for such a poem." An entry of December 7, 1845, says: "I know not what name to give to—not my new baby, but my new poem, shall it be *Gabrielle*, or *Celestine*, or *Evangeline*?" On February 27, 1846, he entered: "*Evangeline* is ended. I wrote the last lines this morning."

Origin.—The suggestion of the subject came from Hawthorne in the manner described in the following paragraph from Robertson's *Life of Longfellow*:—

"Hawthorne one day dined at Craigie House, and brought with him a clergyman. The latter happened to remark that he had been vainly endeavoring to interest Hawthorne in a subject that he himself thought would do admirably for a story. He then related the history of a young Acadian girl, who had been turned away with her people in that dire '55,' thereafter became separated from her lover, wandered for many years in search of him, and finally found him in a hospital dying. 'Let me have it for a poem, then,' said Longfellow, and he had the leave at once. He raked up historical material from Haliburton's *Nova Scotia* and other books, and soon was steadily building up that idyl which is his true Golden Legend. Beyond consulting records, he put together the material of *Evangeline* entirely out of his head; that is to say, he did not think it necessary to visit Acadia and pick up local color. When a boy he had rambled about the old Wadsworth home at Hiram, climbing often to a balcony on the roof, and thence looking over great stretches of wood and hill; and from recollections of such a scene it was comparatively easy for him to imagine the forest primeval."

Metre. — The metre of *Evangeline* is called the English dactylic hexameter. The lines consist of six feet. These feet are either dactyls (one accented syllable followed by two unaccented) or trochees (one accented and one unaccented syllable). The last foot is always trochaic. Observe, for instance, the following lines: —

“Bént like a | láboring | oár, that | toíls in the | súrf of
the | océan, |
Bént, but not | bróken, by | áge was the | fórm of the |
nóтары | públic; | ”

Longfellow thought this metre suitable to *Evangeline*, and his judgment in the matter is generally approved. It seems to adapt itself well to the lingering melancholy that characterizes the story. He was probably influenced in its selection by the fact that Goethe had used it successfully in a somewhat similar tale, *Hermann und Dorothea*, which depicts the sufferings of the Lutherans expelled from Salzburg.

Foundation. — The historical basis of the story, very briefly outlined, is as follows: By the treaty of Utrecht (1713) all Nova Scotia, or Acadia, was ceded by France to Great Britain. The Acadians, now about twenty-five hundred in number, were allowed either to remove within a year with their effects from the country or to remain in the enjoyment of their homes and religion as subjects of the British Crown. They resolved to remain; but when they were asked to take the oath of allegiance, they refused, on the ground that such an action would require them, in case of war between England and France, to bear arms against their own countrymen. In 1730, however, they were persuaded by General Phillips to waive their objection to taking the oath, on receiving the assurance that it

did not involve the obligation of fighting against the French.

In 1744 war broke out between Great Britain and France. One of the first incidents of the war in Acadia was an unsuccessful attack made upon Annapolis, the capital, by Indians incited by the Acadians. The following year Louisbourg, in Cape Breton, the strongest fortress then in America, was taken in seven weeks by an untrained army of New England colonists under General Pepperell. Despite their oath, the Acadians were charged with secretly sending supplies to the fortress and furnishing important information to French officers. When Cornwallis became governor of Nova Scotia in 1749, he considered it necessary, in the interests of the colony, to demand a new oath of allegiance of the Acadians. Under the instigation of La Loutre, a French missionary and vicar-general of Acadia, they stubbornly refused, and some two thousand of them left their homes and crossed the boundary. In 1755 Governor Shirley of Massachusetts and Lieutenant-Governor Lawrence of Nova Scotia captured several French forts, including Beau Séjour. Three hundred Acadians were found to be there in arms, and although offered pardon even then if they would take the oath of allegiance, they declined.

The Acadians by this time numbered about eight thousand people. Their conduct for years had shown them to be both openly and secretly hostile to the British government. General Lawrence resolved that stern measures should be adopted to rid the province of a constant menace to its safety. The Acadians were obliged to make an immediate choice. On condition that they would become British subjects, they could retain their lands and religion and enjoy the protection

of the British flag; but if they refused, they were to be removed from the colony. They accepted the latter alternative.

On September 5, 1755, all males of ten years and upwards in the district of Minas were ordered by Colonel Winslow, the British commander, to meet at the church in Grand Pré. Over four hundred attended. They were there made prisoners and, after being held for some time, were put on board transports, with as much of their household effects as could be taken, and sent to Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and other parts. Similar measures were taken in several settlements. In all some three thousand were deported. The work, which occupied *about three months*, was done as carefully and humanely as possible, special precautions being taken to prevent the division of families. Some of the exiles joined their countrymen in Louisiana. It is pleasant to know that a large number returned in later years to Nova Scotia, where they lived as true and loyal subjects.

It seems apparent that, either through traditional exigency or for poetical effect, Longfellow, in his description both of the Acadians themselves and of their deportation from Grand Pré, departed widely from historic facts. It appears clearly to have been a necessary, though painful, duty to expel a people who were in a state of chronic rebellion. Some hardships were no doubt endured. It could not very well be otherwise. But that the unfortunate affair was quite unnecessary, and marked by heartless cruelty, is disproved by authentic documentary evidence.

Francis Parkman, the American historian, thus sums up his discussion of the removal of the Acadians in Chapters IV and VIII of Volume I of *Montcalm and*

Wolfe: "New England humanitarianism, melting into sentimentality at a tale of woe, has been unjust to its own. Whatever judgment may be passed on the cruel measure of wholesale expatriation, it was not put in execution till every resource of patience and persuasion had been tried in vain. The agents of the French court, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, had made some act of force a necessity. We have seen by what vile practices they produced in Acadia a state of things intolerable, and impossible of continuance. They conjured up the tempest; and when it burst on the heads of the unhappy people, they gave no help. The Government of Louis XV. began with making the Acadians its tools, and ended with making them its victims."

EVANGELINE

PRELUDE

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct
in the twilight,
Stand like Druids ¹ of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on
their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring
5 boring ocean ²
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail
of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the
hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland
the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian
farmers, —
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the
10 woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an
image of heaven?

¹ *Druids.* Priests of the Celtic inhabitants of Gaul and Britain.

² *Ocean.* The Bay of Fundy, whose tides are very high and fierce.

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for-
ever departed !
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty
blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them
far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village
15 of Grand-Pré.¹

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and en-
dures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's
devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines
of the forest ;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie,² home of the happy.

¹ *Grand-Pré.* The village was situated on Minas Basin, near the mouth of the Gaspereau.

² *Acadie.* Pronounced " Ah-ka-di'."

PART THE FIRST

I

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of
20 Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched
to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with
labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons
25 the flood-gates
Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er
the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards
and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and
away to the northward
Blomidon¹ rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the
mountains²
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the
30 mighty Atlantic

¹ *Blomidon.* A rocky headland on the south side of the entrance to the Minas Basin.

² *Mountains.* The Cobequid Mountains, on the northern side of the Basin.

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.¹

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and
35 gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles²

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the
40 golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors

Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.

Reverend walked he among them; and up rose ma-
45 trons and maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.

¹ *The Henries.* Henry III and Henry IV of France.

² *Kirtles.* Jackets and skirts.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus¹ sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense
50 ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers, —
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to
55 their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing
60 his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.

¹ *Angelus*. The bell which rang at morning, noon, and night, to call the people to prayer.

Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy
winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with
snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as
brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen
65 summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the
thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the
brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed
in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at
noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was
70 the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell
from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with
his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings
upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet¹
of beads and her missal,²
Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and
75 the ear-rings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as
an heirloom,

¹ *Chaplet.* The rosary, or string of beads used by Roman Catholics in counting their prayers.

² *Missal.* The mass book, containing the ordinary ritual of the Roman Catholic Church.

Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.

But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benedic-
80 tion upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of
exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of
the farmer

Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and
a shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine¹
wreathing around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath;
85 and a footpath

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the
meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a
penthouse,²

Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the
roadside,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of
Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well
90 with its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for
the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were
the barns and the farm-yard;

¹ Woodbine. Honeysuckle.

² Penthouse. A shed with sloping roof and open sides.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains¹ and the
antique ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his
feathered seraglio,²
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock,
95 with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent
Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a vil-
lage. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a
staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous
corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and
100 innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant
breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of
mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer
of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed
his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened
105 his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest
devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the
hem of her garment!³

¹ *Wains.* Wagons.

² *Seraglio* (pronounced "se-räl'yō"). A metaphor taken from the women's apartments of the Sultan's palace.

³ *Hem of her garment.* Probably an allusion to *Luke* viii. 43 f.

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness be-
friended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of
her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the
110 knocker of iron;
Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the
village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as
he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the
music.
But among all who came young Gabriel only was
welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the black-
115 smith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored
of all men;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and
nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the
people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from
earliest childhood
Grew up together : mother and sister; and Father
120 Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught
them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the
church and the plain-song.¹
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson
completed,

¹ *Plain-song.* The simple chanting in which the services of
the Roman Catholic Church are rendered.

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the
blacksmith.

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes
125 to behold him

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a
plaything,

Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the
tire of the cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of
cinders.

Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gather-
ing darkness

Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through
130 every cranny and crevice,

Warm by the forge within they watched the labor-
ing bellows,

And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in
the ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into
the chapel.

Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the
eagle,

Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er
135 the meadow.

Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests
on the rafters,

Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone,
which the swallow

Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight
of its fledglings;

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of
the swallow!

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer
140 were children.

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face
of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened
thought into action.¹
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of
a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie"² was she called; for
that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their
145 orchards with apples;
She too would bring to her husband's house delight
and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned, when the nights
grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion³
enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from
150 the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical
islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the
winds of September

¹ *Ripened thought into action.* Stimulated those whom he met to put their thoughts into action.

² *Sunshine of Saint Eulalie.* Saint Eulalie was a Spanish maiden who died a martyr on February 12, 308, during Diocletian's persecutions of the Christians. According to an old belief, if the sun shone on her day, there would be an abundance of apples and cider.

³ *The sign of the Scorpion.* The eighth of the twelve divisions of the zodiac. The sun appears to enter this sign about the 23d of October.

Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old¹
with the angel.

All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded

155 their honey

Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters
asserted

Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of
the foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed
that beautiful season,

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of
All-Saints!²

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light;
160 and the landscape

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of child-
hood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless
heart of the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in
harmony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in
the farm-yards,

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of
165 pigeons,

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love,
and the great sun

Looked with the eye of love through the golden
vapors around him;

While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and
yellow,

¹ As Jacob of old. See *Genesis* xxxii.

² *The Summer of All-Saints*. Usually called Indian Summer.
All-Saints' Day is November 1.

Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering
tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree¹ the Persian adorned
170 with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection
and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twi-
light descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the
herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their
necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the
175 freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful
heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that
waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human
affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating
flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them
180 followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride
of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and
superbly

¹ *The plane-tree, etc.* Herodotus relates that Xerxes was so enamoured of a beautiful plane-tree, met in his expedition against Greece, that he dressed it as he might a woman, and placed it under the care of a guard. Ælian, a later historian, adds that he adorned it with necklace and jewels.

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the
stragglers;

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept;
their protector

When from the forest at night, through the starry
185 silence, the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from
the marshes,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes
and their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous
saddles,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels
190 of crimson,

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with
blossoms.

Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded
their udders

Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in
regular cadence

Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.

Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard
195 in the farm-yard,

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into
stillness;

Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of
the barn-doors,

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was
silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace,
idly the farmer

Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames
200 and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures
fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away
into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his
arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter
205 plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies
the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of
Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers
before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline
210 seated,
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner
behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent
shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the
drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
215 Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the
priest at the altar,

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion
the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and,
suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back
on its hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil
220 the blacksmith,

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was
with him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their foot-
steps paused on the threshold,

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place
on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty
without thee;

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box
225 of tobacco;

Never so much thyself art thou as when, through
the curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and
jovial face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the
mist of the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil
the blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the
230 fires

"Benedict Lafontaine, thou hast ever thy jest
and thy ballad!

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are
filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evange-
235 line brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued: —

"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his
240 Majesty's¹ mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."

Then made answer the farmer: — "Perhaps some friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England

By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been
245 blighted,

And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."

"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said warmly the blacksmith,

Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued: —

¹ *His Majesty*. George II. See the historical basis of the poem outlined in the Introduction, page 11.

"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor
Port Royal.¹

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on
250 its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of
to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons
of all kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the
scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial
farmer: —

"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks
255 and our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the
ocean,

Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's
cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow
of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night
of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads
260 of the village

Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking
the glebe² round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food
for a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and
inkhorn.

¹ *Port Royal.* The first capital of Acadia, afterwards called
Annapolis Royal. It was situated at the mouth of the Annapo-
lis River.

² *Glebe.* Soil.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of
our children?"

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in
265 her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father
had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary
entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of
the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the
notary public¹;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the
270 maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and
glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom
supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a
hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his
great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he lan-
275 guished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of
the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or sus-
picion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and
childlike.

¹ *Notary public.* An officer authorized to draw up contracts, wills, and other similar documents.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou¹ in the
280 forest,
And the goblin² that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche,³ the ghost of a child who
unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers
of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the
stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in
285 a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover
and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the
village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the
blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard
290 the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these
ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary
public, —

¹ *Loup-garou*. According to a familiar French superstition, the loup-garou was a man who could turn himself into a wolf.

² *Goblin*. An evil or mischievous spirit.

³ *Létiche*. The superstition may have arisen from the white ermine, "a little animal of surprising agility."

“Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never
the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know no better
than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil in-
295 tention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then
molest us?”
“God’s name!” shouted the hasty and somewhat
irascible blacksmith;
“Must we in all things learn for the how, and the
why, and the where?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the
strongest!”
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the
300 notary public, —
“Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often
consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at
Port Royal.”
This was the old man’s favorite tale, and he loved to
repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice
305 was done them.
“Once in an ancient city,¹ whose name I no longer
remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in
its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice
presided

¹ *Once*, etc. An old Florentine story, found also in an opera of Rossini, *La Gazza ladra* (The Thievish Magpie).

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes
310 of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of
the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sun-
shine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were
corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were
oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a noble-
315 man's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a
suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the house-
hold.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the
scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of
Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit as-
320 cended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of
the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from
its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of
the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a
magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was
325 inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was
ended, the blacksmith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth
no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face,
as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in
the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the
330 table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with
home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in
the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers
and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of
the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and
335 in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were
completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on
the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on
the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of
silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and
340 bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their
welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed
and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the
fireside,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of
its corner.

345 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention
the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was
made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloam of a window's
embrasure,

Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding
the moon rise

350 Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the mead-
ows.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of
heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of
the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from
the belfry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and
straightway

355 Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned
in the household.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the
door-step

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it
with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed
on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the
farmer.

360 Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline
followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the
darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of
the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the
door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white,
and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were
365 carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline
woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her
husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her
skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and
radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the
370 room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous
tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she
stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her
chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of
the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her
375 lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling
of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in
the moonlight

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.

And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow

380 her footsteps,

As out of Abraham's tent¹ young Ishmael wandered with Hagar.

X

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor

385

Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk

Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,

390

Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.

¹ Out of Abraham's tent. See Genesis xxi. 14.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor
were silenced.

Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy
groups at the house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped
395 together.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed
and feasted;

For with this simple people, who lived like brothers
together,

All things were held in common, and what one had
was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more
abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her
400 father;

Bright was her face with smiles, and words of wel-
come and gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as
she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the
orchard,

Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of
betrothal.

There in the shade of the porch were the priest and
405 the notary seated;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the black-
smith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press
and the beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of
hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played
on his snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of
410 the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown
from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his
fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and Le Carillon de
Dunkerque,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the
music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying
415 dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the
meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled
among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's
daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the
blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a
420 summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the
meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. With-
out, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and
hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh
from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching
425 proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dis-
sonant clangor

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement, —

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.

Then up rose their commander, and spake from the
430 steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.

“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must
435 be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch:

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable
440 people!

Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty’s pleasure!”

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and
shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with
445 thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their en-
closures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words
of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder,
and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to
450 the door-way.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce
imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er
the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the
blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion;
455 and wildly he shouted, —
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never
have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our
homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless
hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down
to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry
460 contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father
Felician

Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps
of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed
into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to
his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents meas-
465 ured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's¹ alarm, distinctly
the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what mad-
ness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you,
and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers
470 and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and
forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would
you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with
hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is
gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and
475 holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O
Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the
wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive
them!'"

¹ The tocsin. An alarm

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the
hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the
passionate outbreak,
480 While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father,
forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers
gleamed from the altar;
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and
the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the
Ave Maria ¹
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls,
485 with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah² ascending
to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings
of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women
and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with
her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun,
490 that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor
and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and em-
blazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth
on the table;

¹ *Ave Maria* (pronounced "Ah-ve Mar-ē-ah"). It means
"Hail, Mary," the first words of an invocation to the Virgin.

² *Like Elijah*. See 2 Kings ii. 11.

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant
with wild flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh
495 brought from the dairy;
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair
of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as
the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad am-
brosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had
fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial
500 ascended, —
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness,
and patience!
Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the
village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts
of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps
they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet
505 of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glim-
mering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet¹ de-
scending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus
sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evan-
geline lingered.

¹ *The Prophet.* Read *Exodus xxxiv.* 29–35.

All was silent within; and in vain at the door and
510 the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome
by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice;
but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier
grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless
house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board
515 was the supper untasted.
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with
phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of
her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate
rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree
by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the
520 echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed
the world He created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the
justice of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully
slumbered till morning.

v

X
X Four times the sun had risen and set; and now
on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the
525 farm-house.

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful
 procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the
 Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods
 to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their
 dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road
530 and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on
 the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some frag-
 ments of playthings.

Thus from Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and
 thence to the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the
 peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did
535 the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from
 the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his
 setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums
 from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a
 sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching
540 in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian
 farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their
 homes and their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are
weary and wayworn,

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants
descended

Down from the church to the shore, amid their
545 wives and their daughters.

Foremost the young men came; and, raising to-
gether their voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic
Missions: —

“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible
fountain!

Fill our hearts this day with strength and submis-
sion and patience!”

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women
550 that stood by the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the
sunshine above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits
departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited
in silence,

Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of
affliction, —

Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession
555 approached her,

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to
meet him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his
shoulder, and whispered, —

“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one
another

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mis-
560 chances may happen!"

Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly
paused, for her father

Saw she, slowly advancing. Alas! how changed
was his aspect!

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from
his eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart
in his bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck
565 and embraced him,

Speaking words of endearment where words of com-
fort availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that
mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir
of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the con-
fusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers,
570 too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest
entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel
carried,

While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with
her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went
down, and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the
575 refluxent ocean ¹

¹ *The refluxent ocean.* The outgoing tide.

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the
sand-beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp ¹ and the
slippery sea-weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods
and the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer ² after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near

580 them,

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian
farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellow-
ing ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles,
and leaving

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of
the sailors.

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned

585 from their pastures;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk
from their udders;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known
bars of the farm-yard, —

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the
hand of the milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no
Angelus sounded,

590 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no
lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires
had been kindled,

¹ *Kelp*. Coarse sea-weed.

² *Leaguer*. The camp of a besieged army.

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from
wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces
were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the
crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth
595 in his parish,
Wandere¹ the faithful priest, consoling and blessing
and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's¹ desolate
seashore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat
with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the
old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either
600 thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands
have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses
to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he
looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering
fire-light.
"Benedicite!"² murmured the priest, in tones of
605 compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was
full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a
child on a threshold,

¹ *Melita*. The ancient name of Malta. See Acts xxviii. 1.

² *Benedicite*. Bless ye.

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful
presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of
the maiden,

Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that
610 above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs
and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept to-
gether in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in
autumn the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er
the horizon

Titan-like ¹ stretches its hundred hands upon moun-
615 tain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge
shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs
of the village,

Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that
lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of
flame were

Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the
620 quivering hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds ² and the burn-
ing thatch, and, uplifting,

¹ *Titan-like.* The Titans were giant deities, the fabled children of Heaven and Earth. In an attempt to obtain the sovereignty of heaven they were subdued by the thunderbolts of Zeus and driven into Tartarus. Briareus, who was one of them, had a hundred hands.

² *Gleeds.* Hot coals.

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a
hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame in-
termingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the
shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in
625 their anguish,
“We shall behold no more our homes in the village
of Grand-Pré!”
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the
farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the low-
ing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of
dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the
630 sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies of forests that skirt the
Nebraska,¹
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with
the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to
the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the
herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly
635 rushed o’er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the
priest and the maiden

¹ *Nebraska.* The Platte River, which joins the Missouri
below Omaha.

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and
widened before them ;

And as they turned at length to speak to their
silent companion,

Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched
abroad on the seashore

Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had
640 departed.

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the
maiden

Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her
terror.

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head
on his bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious
slumber ;

And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a
645 multitude near her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully
gazing upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest com-
passion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the
landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the
faces around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her waver-
650 ing senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the
people, —

“ Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier
season

Brings us again to our homes from the unknown
land of our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the
churchyard."

Such were the words of the priest. And there in
655 haste by the sea-side,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral
torches,

But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of
Grand-Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service
of sorrow,

Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a
vast congregation,

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar
660 with the dirges.

'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste
of the ocean,

With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and
hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of
embarking;

And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of
the harbor,

Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and
665 the village in ruins.



PART THE SECOND

I

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning
of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels de-
parted,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods,¹ into
exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in
story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians
670 landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the
wind from the north-east
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the
Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from
city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern
savannas,² —
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where
675 the Father of Waters³
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down
to the ocean,

¹ *All its household gods.* All that was most precious in the home.

² *Savannas.* Treeless plains.

³ *Father of Waters.* The Mississippi.

Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of
the mammoth.¹
Friends they sought and homes: all was
spairing, heart-broke
Asked of the earth but a grave and no longer a
friend nor a fireside
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in
680 the churchyard
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited
and wandered
Lowly and meek in spirit and patiently suffering
all things.
Fair was she and young: but, alas! before her
extended,
Dream and vast and silent, the desert of life, with
no pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed
685 and suffered before her.
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead
and abandoned,
As the migrant's way o'er the Western desert is
marked by
Caravans long consumed, and bones that bleach
in the sunshine.
Nothing there was in her life incomplete, imper-
fect, unfinished;
A morning of June, with all its music and sun-
690 shine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly
descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the
fever within her,

¹ Mammoth. An extinct species of elephant.

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst
of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and
695 endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on
the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that per-
haps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber
beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate
whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her
700 forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her
beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or for-
gotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Oh, yes! we
have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have
gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-bois¹ are they, and famous hunters
705 and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh, yes!
we have seen him.
He is a voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream
and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel?
others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as
710 loyal?

¹ *Coureurs-des-bois*. Wood-rangers; men who traded in furs
with the Indians.

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who
has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and
be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's
tresses." ¹

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,
"I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my
715 hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and
illuminates the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in
darkness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father con-
fessor,

Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus
speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was
720 wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters,
returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them
full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again
to the fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy
work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient en-
725 durance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the
heart is made godlike,

¹ To braid St. Catherine's tresses. To remain unmarried.

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered
more worthy of heaven !”

Cheered by the good man’s words, Evangeline
labored and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the
ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice that
730 whispered, “Despair not !”

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheer-
less discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards¹ and thorns
of existence.

Let me essay, O Muse ! to follow the wanderer’s
footsteps ; —

Not through each devious path, each changeful year
of existence ;

But as a traveller follows a streamlet’s course
735 through the valley :

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam
of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at inter-
vals only ;

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan
glooms that conceal it,

Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous
murmur ;

Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches
740 an outlet.

II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beau-
tiful River,²

¹ *Shards.* Pieces of broken pottery.

² *The Beautiful River.* The meaning of the Indian name
of the Ohio.

Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the
Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift
Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by
Acadian boatmen.

It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the
745 shipwrecked

Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating to-
gether,

Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a
common misfortune;

Men and women and children, who, guided by hope
or by hearsay,

Sought for their kith and their kin¹ among the
few-acred farmers

On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair
750 Opelousas.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the
Father Felician.

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness
sombre with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent
river;

Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped
on its borders.

Now through rushing chutes,² among green islands,
755 where plumelike

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they
swept with the current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons,³ where silvery
sandbars

¹ *Their kith and their kin.* Their acquaintances and their relations. ² *Chutes.* Rapids. ³ *Lagoons.* Expansions of a river.

Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling¹ waves
of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of
pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of
760 the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant
gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and
dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns
perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of
orange and citron,²
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the
765 eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering
the Bayou³ of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious
waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every
direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs
of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-
770 air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient
cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by
the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at
sunset,

¹ *Wimpling*. Rippling. ² *Citron*. A species of lemon tree.

³ *Bayou* (pronounced "bī'ō"). A sluggish channel leading
from a river

Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed
775 on the water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness, —

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot
780 be compassed.

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,

Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,¹

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,

Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision,
785 that faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,

And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

¹ *Mimosa*. The sensitive plant.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose
790 one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew
a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors
leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to
the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just
795 stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant
branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the
darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain
was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed
800 through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-
songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysterious
sounds of the desert,
Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the
forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of
805 the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the
shades; and before them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.¹

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations

Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus²

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands.

Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.

Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.

Under the boughs of Wachita³ willows, that grew by the margin,

Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,

¹ *The Atchafalaya.* One of three outlets of the Mississippi. It is about two hundred miles in length and has many lake-like expansions.

² *The lotus.* The water-lily.

³ *Wachita.* A tributary of the Mississippi.

On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, de-
scending,

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from
blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slum-
bered beneath it.

825 Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an
 opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions
celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the
water,

Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters
and trappers.

830 Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the
 bison and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thought-
ful and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow,
and a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly
written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy
and restless,

835 Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of
 sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the
island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of
palmettos;

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed
in the willows;

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and un-
seen, were the sleepers;

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slum-
840 bering maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud
on the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died
in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the
maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father
Felician!

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel
845 wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague super-
stition?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to
my spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credu-
lous fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no
meaning."

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled
850 as he answered, —

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to
me without meaning,

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats
on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor
is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world
calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the
855 southward,

On the banks of the Têche,¹ are the towns of St.
Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again
to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and
his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of
fruit-trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of
860 heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls
of the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of
\ Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and con-
tinued their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western
horizon

Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the
865 landscape;

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and
forest

Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and min-
gled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of
silver,

Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the mo-
tionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible
870 sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of
feeling

¹ *The Têche.* A bayou of the Atchafalaya, one hundred and
eight miles in length.

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters
around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird,
wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the
water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious
875 music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves
seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring
to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied
Bacchantes.¹
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad
880 in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the
tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on
the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed
with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows
through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the
885 woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling; —
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing
of cattle.

¹ *Bacchantes.* Women worshippers of Bacchus, the Roman god of wine.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by
oaks from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe
flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at
890 Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman.
A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was
of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns
895 supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious
veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended
around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the
garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual
symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of
900 rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow
and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself
was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding

Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke
rose.

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a
905 pathway

Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the
limitless prairie,

Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly de-
scending.

Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy
canvas

Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm
in the tropics,

Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of
910 grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of
the prairie,

Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and
stirrups,

Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of
deerskin.

Broad and brown was the face that from under the
Spanish sombrero ¹

Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of
915 its master.

Round about him were numberless herds of kine that
were grazing

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory
freshness

That uprose from the river, and spread itself over
the landscape.

Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and
expanding

¹ *Sombrero.* A broad-brimmed hat.

Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that
920 resounded

Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air
of the evening.

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of
the cattle

Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents
of ocean.

Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed
o'er the prairie,

And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the
925 distance.

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through
the gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden ad-
vancing to meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amaze-
ment, and forward

Pushed with extended arms and exclamations of
wonder;

When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the
930 blacksmith.

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the
garden.

There in an arbor of roses with endless question and
answer

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their
friendly embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent
and thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark
935 doubts and misgivings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat
embarrassed,

Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the
Atchafalaya,

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's
boat on the bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade
passed.

Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a
940 tremulous accent,

"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face
on his shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept
and lamented.

Then the good Basil said, — and his voice grew
blithe as he said it, —

"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he
departed.

Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds
945 and my horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled,
his spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet exist-
ence.

Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to

950 maidens,

Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me,
and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the
Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark
Mountains,

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the
beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugi-
955 tive lover;

He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the
streams are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew
of the morning,

We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his
prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the
banks of the river,

Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the
960 fiddler.

Long, under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on
Olympus,¹

Having no other care than dispensing music to mor-
tals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his
fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Aca-
dian minstrel!"

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and
965 straightway

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting
the old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil,
enraptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and
gossips,

Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers
and daughters.

Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-
970 devant² blacksmith,

¹ *Olympus.* The fabled home of the gods in Greece.

² *Ci-devant.* Former.

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal
demeanor;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and
the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his
who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would
go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the
975 breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the
supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted
together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness de-
scended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape
with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but
980 within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the
glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table,
the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in
endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchi-
toches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled
985 as they listened : —
“ Welcome once more, my friends, who long have
been friendless and homeless.
Welcome once more to a home, that is better per-
chance than the old one !

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the
rivers;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the
farmer;

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil,
990 as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom;
and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian
summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed
in the prairies;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and
forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed
995 into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are
yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away
from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing
your farms and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud
from his nostrils,

While his huge, brown hand came thundering down
1000 on the table,

So that the guests all started; and Father Felician,
astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way
to his nostrils

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were
milder and gayer: —

"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of
the fever!

1005 For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck
in a nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and foot-
steps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy
veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles¹ and small Acadian
planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil
1010 the herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and
neighbors:

Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who
before were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to
each other,

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country
together.

But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, pro-
ceeding
1015

From the accordant strings of Michael's melodi-
ous fiddle,

Broke up all further speech. Away, like children
delighted,

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves
to the maddening

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed
to the music,

Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of
1020 fluttering garments.

¹ *Creoles*. Natives of the West Indies or Spanish America,
of French or Spanish descent.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the
priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and
future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for
within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the
music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepres-
sible sadness
1025 Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth
into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall
of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.
On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremu-
lous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened
and devious spirit.
1030 Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers
of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their
prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent
Carthusian.¹
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with
shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and
the magical moonlight
1035 Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable
longings,

¹ *Carthusian*. The Carthusians were an order of monks who lived in almost perpetual silence.

As, through the garden gate, and beneath the
shade of the oak trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the
measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-
flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and in-
finite numbers.
1040 Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in
the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to
marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls
of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,
"Upharsin."¹
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and
the fire-flies,
1045 Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O
my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot
behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does
not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to
the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the
woodlands around me!
1050 Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from
labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me
in thy slumbers!

¹ *Upharsin*. "They are wanting." See *Daniel* v. 5-28.

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be
folded about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whip-
poorwill sounded

1055 Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the
neighboring thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped
into silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular
caverns of darkness;

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,
"To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the
flowers of the garden

1060 Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and
anointed his tresses

With the delicious balm that they bore in their
vases of crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the
shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his
fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the
bridegroom was coming."

1065 "Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling,
with Basil descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen
already were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and
sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was
speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over
the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that
1070 succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or
river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but
vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild
and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of
Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from
1075 the garrulous landlord
That on the day before, with horses and guides
and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the
prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where
the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and
luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the
1080 gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emi-
grant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon¹ flows and the Walleway²
and Owyhee.³

¹ *Oregon.* The Columbia River.

² *Walleway.* Or Wallawalla, a tributary of the Columbia.

³ *Owyhee.* Empties into the Snake River, a tributary of the
Columbia.

Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-
 river Mountains,¹
 Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps
 the Nebraska;
 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout² and
 1085 the Spanish sierras,
 Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the
 wind of the desert,
 Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, de-
 scend to the ocean,
 Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn
 vibrations.
 Spreading between these streams are the won-
 drous, beautiful prairies,
 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and
 1090 sunshine,
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple
 amorphas.³
 Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the
 elk and the roebuck;
 Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of
 riderless horses;
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are
 weary with travel;
 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ish-
 1095 mael's children,⁴ .

¹ *Wind-river Mountains.* A part of the Rockies, in Wyoming.

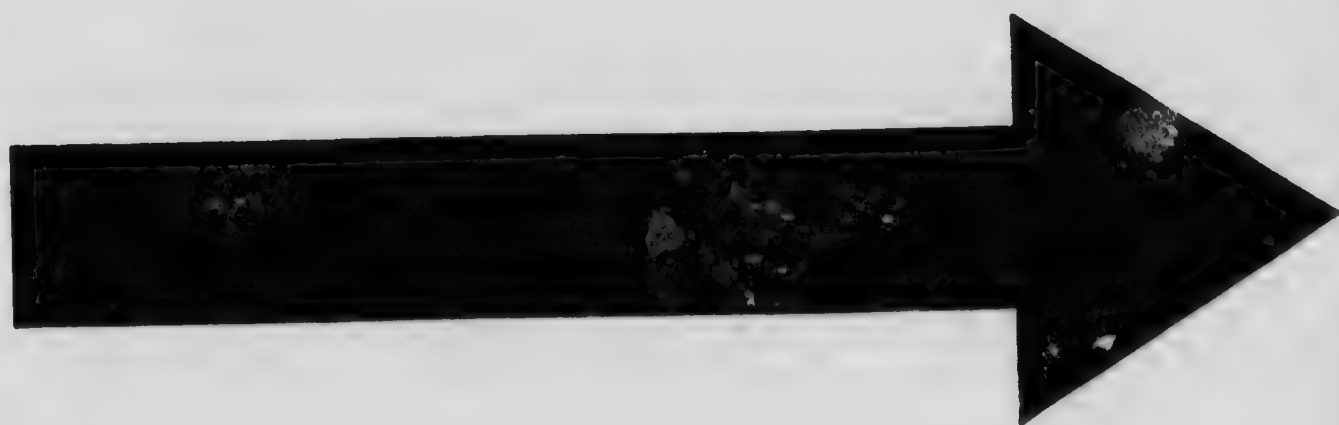
² *Fontaine-qui-bout.* A stream flowing into the Arkansas.

³ *Amorphus.* Shrubs of the bean family, sometimes called bastard indigo.

⁴ *Ishmael's children.* Indians are thus named because in their nomadic habits they resemble the Arabs, who are the reputed descendants of Ishmael, the son of Abraham and Hagar.

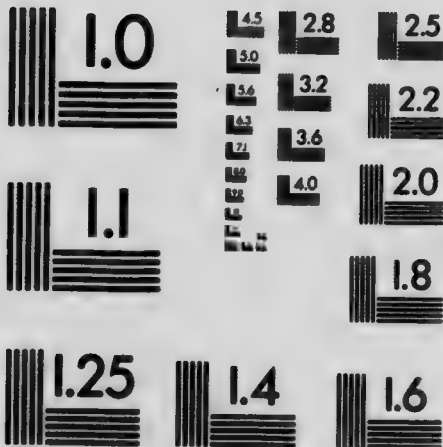
Staining the desert with blood; and above their
terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the
vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered
in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the
heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of
1100 these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of
swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk
of the desert.
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by
the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline
heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above
1105 them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the
Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers
behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the
maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to
o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the
1110 smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plains;
but at nightfall,



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When they had reached the place, they found only
embers and ashes.

And, though their hearts were sad at times and
their bodies were weary,

Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata
Morgana¹

1115 Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated
and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there
silently entered

Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose
features

Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great
as her sorrow.

She was a Shawnee² woman returning home to
her people,

1120 From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel
Camanches,

Where her Canadian husband, a coureur-des-bois,
had been murdered.

Touched were their hearts at her story, and
warmest and friendliest welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and
feasted among them

On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on
the embers.

1125 But when their meal was done, and Basil and all
his companions,

¹ *Fata Morgana*. The name given particularly to the mirage seen in the Strait of Messina, between the coasts of Calabria and Sicily. It was so called because it was supposed to be the work of a fairy (*fata*) named Morgana.

² *Shawnee*. The Shawnees were a tribe of Algonquin Indians dwelling between the Red River and the Canadian River. The Camanches lived in what is now Texas.

Worn with the long day's march and the chase of
the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept
where the quivering firelight
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms
wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and
repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her
1130 Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and
pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know
that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been
disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and
woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had
1135 suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its dis-
asters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she
had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious
horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated
the tale of the Mowis;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and
1140 wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed
from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the
sunshine,

Till she beheld him no more, though she followed
far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like
a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was
1145 wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in
the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered
love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume
through the forest,
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by
her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evange-
1150 line listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the
region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy
guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the
moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious
splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and
1155 filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by,
and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible
whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's
heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite
terror,

As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest
1160 of the swallow.

It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region
of spirits

Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt
for a moment

That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing
a phantom.

With this thought she slept, and the fear and the
phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed,
1165 and the Shawnee

Said, as they journeyed along, — "On the west-
ern slope of these mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of
the Mission.

Much he teaches the people, and tells them of
Mary and Jesus;

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with
pain, as they hear him."

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evange-
1170 line answered,

"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings
await us!"

Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a
spur of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur
of voices,

And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of
a river,

Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the
1175 Jesuit Mission.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of
the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A
crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed
by grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude
kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the
1180 intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus¹ and sighs
of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer
approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the
evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benedic-
1185 tion had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from
the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers
and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with
benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue
in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into
1190 his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on
cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-
gourd of the teacher.

¹ *Susurrus*. Whispers.

Soon was their story told; and the priest with
solemnity answered: —

“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel,
seated

On this mat by my side, where now the maiden
1195 reposes,

Told me this same sad tale; then arose and con-
tinued his journey!”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with
an accent of kindness;

But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in win-
ter the snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have
departed.

“Far to the north he has gone,” continued the
1200 priest; “but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the
Mission.”

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and
submissive,

“Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and
afflicted.”

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes
on the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides
1205 and companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed
at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each
other, —

Days and weeks and months; and the fields of
maize that were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came,
now waving about her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing
1210 and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pil-
laged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked,
and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened
a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief
in the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not
1215 her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith,
and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from
the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true
as the magnet;
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God
has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's
1220 journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the
desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of
passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller
of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their
odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and
1225 hereafter

Crown us with asphodel ¹ flowers, that are wet with
the dews of nepenthe." ²

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter — yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold ³ and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
Put on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the barks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the
1235 Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places

¹ *Asphodel*. A member of the lily family. Because it grows in waste places, it became associated with death.

² *Nepenthe*. A drug that produced forgetfulness of all sorrow.

³ *Wold*. Open country.

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering
1240 maiden; —
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian
Missions,¹
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the
army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous
cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away un-
remembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the
1245 long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it
ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from
her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom
and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of
gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly
1250 horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the
morning.

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the
Delaware's waters,

¹ *Moravian Missions.* The sect here referred to are the Moravian Brethren. They established mission stations in various parts of the world. Among these was Pennsylvania. The founder of the sect was John Huss, a zealous Bohemian Protestant.

Guarding in sylvan ¹ shades the name of Penn the
apostle,²
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the
city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the em-
blem of beauty,
1255 And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees
of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads ³ whose
haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline
landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a
country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he
1260 departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred de-
scendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets
of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her
no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou
of the Quakers,
1265 For it recalled the past,⁴ the old Acadian country,

¹ *Sylvan*. The name "Pennsylvania" derived from Penn, the name of its founder, and *sylva*, a wood.

² *Penn the apostle*. William Penn (1644-1718), a distinguished Quaker. He founded Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, in 1682. He gave to the streets the names of the trees they displaced.

³ *Dryads*. Nymphs of the woods.

⁴ *Recalled the past*. Among the French *tu* is used in place of *vous* between members of the same family and between very intimate friends.

Where all men were equal, and all were brothers
and sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,

Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,

Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the
1270 morning

Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,

Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,

So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway

Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and

1275 fair in the distance.

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,

Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,

Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.

Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.

Over him years had no power; he was not changed,

1280 but transfigured;

He had come to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,

This was the lesson life of trial and sorrow had
taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous
spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air
1285 with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to
follow,
Meekly with reverent steps the sacred feet of her
Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy;
frequenting
Lonely and wretched rooms in the crowded lanes of
the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves
1290 from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished
neglected.
Night after night when the world was asleep, as
the watchman ¹ repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well
in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of
her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow
1295 through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and
fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from
its watchings.

¹ *The watchman.* Cf. "Then there was the watch with staff and lantern crying the hour, and the kind of weather; and those who woke up at his voice and turned them round in bed, were glad to hear it rained, or snowed, or blew, or froze, for very comfort's sake." Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*, Chapter xvi.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence¹ fell on
the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks
of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in
1300 their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of
September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a
lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural
margin,
Spread to a brackish² lake the silver stream of
existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to
1305 charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his
anger; —
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor
attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse,³ home of the
homeless.

¹ *A pestilence.* The yellow fever in 1793.

² *Brackish.* Saltish.

³ *The almshouse.* Longfellow's own note on this place is interesting: —

"I got the climax of *Evangeline* from Philadelphia, and it was singular how I happened to do so. I was passing down Spruce Street one day towards my hotel after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it inside of a high enclosure. I walked along until I came to a great gate, and then stepped inside and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flower-beds, and shade which it presented made an impression which has never left me, and twenty-four years after, when I

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of
meadows and woodlands; —
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gate-
1310 way and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls
seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord: — “The poor ye
always have with you.”
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of
Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to
behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with
1315 splendor,
Such as the artist paints o’er the brows of saints
and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o’er a city seen at a
distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city
celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would
enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets,
1320 deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of
the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers
in the garden,

came to write *Evangeline*, I located the final scene, the meeting between *Evangeline* and *Gabriel*, and the death, at this poor-house, and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks.”

And she paused on her way to gather the fairest
among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their
fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors,
1325 cooled by the east-wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from
the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows
were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in
their church at Wicaco.¹
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour
on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials
1330 are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the cham-
bers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful
attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow,
and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and con-
cealing their faces,
Where on their pallets² they lay, like drifts of
1335 snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline
entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she
passed, for her presence

¹ *Wicaco* (wē-kah'ko), now called Southwark, a part of the city. The Swedes' Church is the oldest in the city.

² *Pallets*. Small, rude beds.

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the
walls of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death,
the consoler,

Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it
1340 forever.

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night
time;

Vacant their places were, or filled already by
strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of
wonder,

Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while
a shudder

Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets
1345 dropped from her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom
of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such
terrible anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their
pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of
an old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that
1350 shaded his temples;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a
moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its
earlier manhood;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who
are dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the
fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew,¹ with blood had be-
1355 sprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and
pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit
exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths
in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking
and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied
1360 reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush
that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and
saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into
silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of
his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among
1365 them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walk-
ing under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in
his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted
his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt
by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the
1370 accents unuttered

¹ *Like the Hebrew.* See *Exodus* xii. 22, 23.

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what
his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling
beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her
bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly
sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at
1375 a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and
the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied
longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of
patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to
her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,
1380 "Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away
from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers
are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic
churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and un-
noticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing be-
1385 side them,

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are
rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer
are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have
ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have com-
pleted their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the
1390 shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and
language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty
Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers
from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its
bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are
1395 still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their
kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced,
neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the
wail of the forest.

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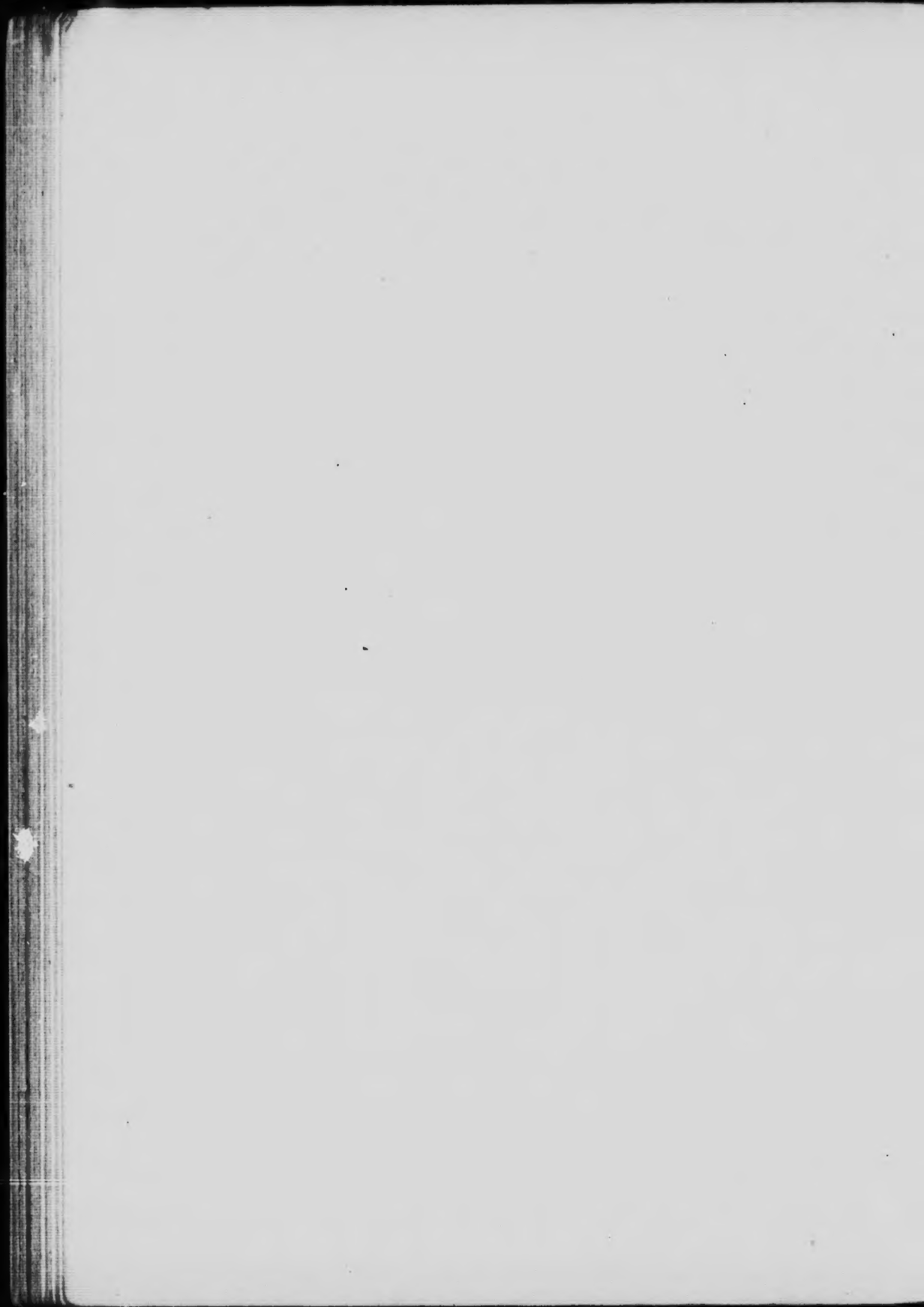
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